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Garth Ennis Russ Braun Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

FORTY-SIX

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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

FORTY-SIX

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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...FUCKIN' HELL.

AN'... THAT'S IT?

AYE.

NOTHIN' ELSE?

NO.

YOU DIDN'T--I DUNNO, YOU DIDN'T JOIN THE SAME GYM AS THE LADS FROM TEAM TITANIC? OR GET A LOADA SPAM FROM H-LANDER DOT COM, AN' EMAIL 'EM ALL OUR FILES?

OR HAVE A FUCKIN' THREESOME WITH HER AN' JACK FROM JUPITER...?

NO--!

IT'S JUST HER, THERE'S NOTHIN' ELSE! IT'S JUST THIS ONE FUCKIN' THING! LOOK, I KNOW IT SOUNDS IMPOSSIBLE, THAT I COULD BE WITH HER SO LONG AN' NO' TWIG--BUT I *DIDN'T!*

OH JESUS, EVEN *SAYIN' IT* SOUNDS BLOODY MENTAL, THERE'S NO WAY YOU COULD *EVER BELIEVE ME...!*

BELIEVE

part three

BELIEVE

VIP AREA

EVEN THE COFFEE TASTES LIKE GARBAGE.

OH, I DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME IN...

TYPICAL FUCKING VOUGHT-AMERICAN. GIVE THEM A SURE-FIRE MONEYMAKER AND ALL OF A SUDDEN THE ACCOUNTANTS ARE ASKING WHY THEY NEED TO SPEND ANYTHING ON IT.

PFFF.

I WAS IMPRESSED HOW YOU STOOD UP FOR YOURSELF THE OTHER DAY.

AH...?

WITH HIM. ABOUT DOING THIS SHIT.

VOUGHT HAVE US BY THE BALLS, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN WE ALWAYS HAVE TO WHINE LIKE LITTLE BITCHES.

WELL... IT DIDN'T REALLY DO ME MUCH GOOD, DID IT? I MEAN HERE I AM, AFTER ALL.

YEAH, BUT ALL THE SAME.

IT'S GOOD TO REMIND THEM WE'RE NOT THEIR DOGS.

AND ANYTHING THAT PUSHES THAT SMUG, IMPLACABLE, PATRONIZING ***PRICK'S*** BLOOD PRESSURE UP A NOTCH OR TWO HAS GOT TO BE A POSITIVE THING.

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT. WHATEVER'S RUNNING IN THOSE VEINS, I DON'T THINK IT'S UNDER ANY PRESSURE AT ALL.

POINT.

WHAT IS IT WITH HIM, ANYWAY? SOMETIMES IT FEELS LIKE THEY'VE ASSIGNED US THE WORLD'S MOST PATIENT KINDERGARTEN TEACHER...

WHICH TELLS YOU EXACTLY WHAT THEY THINK OF US.

THERE'S NOT MUCH I CAN TELL YOU. YOU'VE BEEN TO THE MEETINGS, YOU'VE HEARD HIS HEART THUDDING ALONG AT A NEVER-CHANGING EIGHTY OVER SIXTY--THE DEEP USED TO THINK HE HAD A PACEMAKER, BUT I CHECKED.

MY THEORY IS THAT HE'S SOME SORT OF PERFECT VOUGHT PRODUCT, THE ULTIMATE CORPORATE CREATURE...

SO IN LIGHT OF WHAT I WAS SAYING, YOU SHOULD DEFINITELY FEEL FREE TO GIVE HIM A LITTLE MORE SHIT.

I WAS ACTUALLY THINKING...ABOUT ASKING HIM HOW IT WOULD BE...

IF I WAS TO--TO QUIT THE TEAM.

AFTER ALL THE HARD WORK YOU PUT INTO JOINING IN THE FIRST PLACE?

WHAT THE HELL AM I THINKING, CONFIDING IN SOMEONE LIKE YOU?

YES, WELL, THE DEVIL GETS INTO ME, SOMETIMES.

WAS HE IN YOU WHEN YOU MADE ME DO THAT?

NOBODY MADE ANYONE DO ANYTHING; WE GAVE YOU A CHOICE AND YOU WENT RIGHT TO WORK.

I'VE NEVER FORCED MYSELF ON--

WHAT?

WHAT IS IT?

NOTHING...

RIGHT.

LISTEN, YOU CAN TAKE TONIGHT OFF. THAT'S WHAT I CAME HERE TO TELL YOU.

BUT I'M NOT--

ANYONE ASKS, TELL THEM IT'S ON MY AUTHORITY. ALL THAT'S LEFT IS THIS STUPID CONTEST TO WIN DINNER WITH ME, YOU'RE NOT NEEDED FOR THAT.

ARE YOU SURE...?

GO.

BELIEVE

YOU'RE NO' GONNA KILL ME, ARE YOU?

WHAT?

I--

YOU PROBABLY THINK SHE'S BEEN USIN' ME TO FIND STUFF OUT...

FUCK, YOU THINK I'M A SPY.

HUGHIE...

NO!!

GOTTA GET WUUUH

HUGHIE, FOR FUCK'S--

FUCK'S *SAKE*, SON--!

AW NO-NO-NO-NO-*NO*--

WEREN'T YOU LISTENIN' TO A WORD I SAID JUST NOW? YOU'RE ME MATE, YOU TIT, YOU CAN TRUST ME WITH ANYTHIN'.

COME ON, GET UP OFF YER ARSE AN' LET'S TRY AN' SORT THIS OUT.

I THOUGHT YOU'D BE REALLY FUCKED OFF...!

'COURSE I AM. BUT WHAT I AM MORE'N THAT IS FUCKIN' GOBSMACKED.

I MEAN ONLY YOU, HUGHIE...

HHHH.

C'MON, THEN.

START AT THE BEGINNIN'. WHERE AN' WHEN?

UH...

NO' THAT LONG AFTER I STARTED WI' YOU, ACTUALLY. IT--

WELL, IT WAS WHEN YOU STUCK THE V IN ME. WHEN I WENT OFF IN THE HUFF.

I MET HER IN CENTRAL PARK, SHE JUST STARTED TALKIN' TO ME. THE FUNNY THING WAS WE WERE BOTH PISSED OFF WI' WORK.

SHE SAID... SHE SAID SHE'D HAD TO DO SOMETHIN' SHE DIDN'T LIKE, TO GET SOMETHIN' SHE WANTED--LATER ON SHE SAID SHE MEANT THE JOB.

THAT'S WHAT WAS GETTIN' HER DOWN, LIKE.

OH YEAH?

NOW UP 'TIL YESTERDAY I THOUGHT SHE WORKED IN FASHION OR WHATEVER, BUT OBVIOUSLY SHE WAS TALKIN' ABOUT THE SEVEN. RIGHT ENOUGH, SHE SAID THEY WERE FUCKIN' HORRIBLE.

WHAT'D YOU TELL HER YOU DONE?

INSURANCE.

WAIT A MINUTE, THIS IS THE BIRD YOU TOLD M.M. ABOUT...

AYE.

WHICH MEANS SHE'S THE ONE YOU WAS HAVIN' A NOSH AT WHEN YOU GOT THE OL' RED SAILS IN THE SUNSET, AIN'T SHE?

AYE...

HEH HEH HEH. YEAH, ALL RIGHT.

SO ANYWAY, YOU START SHAGGIN' AN' IT GETS SERIOUS-- WELL, DOES IT GET SERIOUS? HOW CLOSE ARE THE TWO O' YOU, ANYWAY?

WE--

WELL... WE...

WE'RE IN LOVE.

WORSE'N I FUCKIN' THOUGHT.

MM?

HOW D'YOU FEEL NOW YOU KNOW WHO SHE REALLY IS?

I...DON'T REALLY THINK IT CHANGES ANYTHIN' THAT MUCH. I MEAN SHE LIED TO ME, AYE, BUT I LIED TO HER TOO.

AN' LIKE SHE'S NO IDEA WHO I AM, SO... I DUNNO, MAYBE I'LL FEEL DIFFERENT LATER, BUT THE MORE I THINK ABOUT IT THE MORE I JUST--

I DUNNO.

YOU DON'T THINK IT'LL CHANGE MUCH, EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF A FUCKIN' WAR?

WELL OBVIOUSLY, AYE, BUT I'M TALKIN' ABOUT THE TWO OF US AS PEOPLE...SHE KEEPS SAYIN' SHE'S QUITTIN', IF SHE DOES THERE'S NO REASON SHE EVER HAS TO KEN ABOUT ME...

SHE KEEPS SAYIN' IT, THAT'S GOOD. WHAT ELSE DOES SHE SAY?

EH?

SHE EVER ASK YOU ANYTHIN' ABOUT WHAT YOU DO? SOME INNOCENT LITTLE QUESTION OR OTHER?

HUGHIE... HAS SHE EVER BEEN ANYWHERE NEAR ONE OF OUR JOBS?

WELL, SHE WAS AT HEROGASM, I SUPPOSE, BUT SHE DIDN'T KEN I WAS TOO. AN' SHE DID COME UP AN' SEE ME WHEN I WAS WI' G-WIZ, BUT THAT WAS MY IDEA...

OH, NIP OFF AN' MEET HER, DID YOU? AN' HOW'D YOU MANAGE THAT WHEN YOU WERE MEANT TO BE ON THE CUNTS TWENTY-FOUR-SEVEN?

AH...

FRENCHIE.

FRENCHIE COVERED FOR YOU.

NO--

PULL THE OTHER ONE, MATE, IT'S GOT BELLS ON.

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I DON'T LIKE HERE: ONE, SHE STARTED TALKIN' TO YOU. TWO, YOU'RE ALREADY TRYNNA TELL YERSELF EVERYTHIN'S HUNKY-DORY. *TAXI!*

WANKER...

FRENCHIE!

WE WAS JUST TALKIN' ABOUT YOU, MY SON!

OUI...?

NOTHING IS AMISS, M'SIEU CHARCUTER?

'COURSE NOT! WHAT MAKES YOU SAY THAT, MATE?

AH...I THOUGHT I DETECTED SOMETHING MILDLY... CARNIVOROUS, IN YOUR TONE...

I BELIEVE U

GOD, NO, PERISH THE THOUGHT. SO WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

OH YEAH? WHAT'S THE CUNT WANT WITH THAT FUCKIN' PEDO, THEN?

SEEMED TO BE...SOUNDING HIM OUT. ABOUT WHICH OF THE SUPES WOULD BACK VOUGHT-AMERICAN AND VIC THE VEEP IN, AH, EXTREME CIRCUMSTANCES.

AH, OF COURSE. STATUS REPORT.

THE HOMELANDER HAS MET WITH OH FATHER. ALL VERY SUSPICIOUS.

NOW THAT IS INTERESTIN'...

THE QUESTION WAS ONE OF FORCING THROUGH SOME PLAN OR OTHER. OH FATHER BELIEVES THAT A MAJORITY WOULD GO ALONG WITH IT.

A MEETING WAS CALLED FOR LATER ON.

WELL, WELL. MUCH ELSE?

HE ALSO MET WITH STARLIGHT. YOU KNOW, THE JUNIOR MEMBER DE LE SEPT, AVEC LE RATELIER JOLI...

YEAH, I KNOW HER.

HE DISMISSED HER FOR THE EVENING. SHE IS NOT ONE OF THOSE OH FATHER TRUSTS, THAT MUCH IS CLEAR.

ALL RIGHT. SEE IF YOU CAN GET INTO THIS MEETIN' AN' LEMME KNOW WHAT YOU HEAR, YEAH? FEMALE BEHAVIN' HERSELF?

NICE ONE. SEE YOU LATER, FRENCHIE.

I'M STILL SORTA SURPRISED THEY'RE DOIN' THIS EVANGELIST SHITE HERE. IN THE MIDDLE O' NEW YORK CITY, LIKE.

MM? OH, YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A REDNECK TO FALL FOR THAT BOLLOCKS, MATE. BILLY GRAHAM USED TO FILL YANKEE STADIUM EVERY TIME HE COME HERE.

I SUPPOSE I'M OFF IT NOW, ANYWAY.

THE BELIEVE JOB.

BELIEVE

BELIEVE

FUCK, I SUPPOSE THAT'S ME OFF EVERYTHING.

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BLIMEY! ALL GO TODAY, INNIT?

ALL RIGHT, MATE? WHAT'S THE RUSH?

BUTCHER--!

WHAT THE *FUCK*, MAN--?

HELLO TO YOU TOO.

WHERE'S MY GODDAMN FLASK? WHERE THE FUCK IS IT?

YOU MEAN...

I AIN'T FUCKIN' PLAYIN' HERE.

I ALWAYS KEEP IT THE EXACT SAME PLACE: BOTTOM DRAWER, RIGHT HAND SIDE. IT'S *ALWAYS THERE.* TODAY IT AIN'T.

WELL DID YOU MAYBE--

I SAID I AIN'T FUCKIN' PLAYIN'!

I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID.

BUT I DUNNO WHERE YOUR FLASK IS.

ALL RIGHT?

MUTHA*FUCK.*

WHERE--

YOU KNOW WHERE THE FUCK I'M GOIN'.

JESUS--!

IS HE TALKIN' ABOUT... YOU KNOW...WHAT HE GETS FROM HIS *MUM*...?

HE TOLD YOU ABOUT THAT? 'COURSE HE DID.

YEAH, I THINK HE KEEPS SOME HANDY, JUST SO HE CAN TOP HIMSELF UP. BUT IF HE RUNS OUT HE HAS TO GO STRAIGHT TO SOURCE, SO TO SPEAK.

ANYWAY.

LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT THE PLACE TO OURSELVES.

YOU WANNA CUPPA?

NO...

ALL RIGHT. THE WAY I SEE IT, IF SHE IS A PLANT--IF THIS AIN'T JUST THE DAFTEST FUCKIN' ACCIDENT SINCE THE YEAR DOT--WE CAN FIND OUT WITHOUT EVEN LEAVIN' THIS ROOM...

WE DO?

SURVEILLANCE TAPES O' THE SEVEN. GOT EVERYTHING WE NEED, EXCEPT FOR THE BIT WHERE THEY PULLED THE BUGS AN' WE HAD 'EM BACK IN A WEEK LATER.

WE CHECK THE FOOTAGE FOR ROUND ABOUT WHEN YOU MET HER; IF THEY AIN'T TALKIN' ABOUT SETTIN' HER UP WITH YOU, SHE'S IN THE CLEAR.

AYE, I SUPPOSE...

I MEAN WHO KNOWS: SHE TOLD YOU SHE HAD TO DO SOMETHIN' ROTTEN TO JOIN THE TEAM, DIDN'T SHE? MAYBE IN A WEIRD SORTA WAY SHE WAS TALKIN' ABOUT THIS.

I FORGOT ABOUT THE THING WI' THE BUGS, RIGHT ENOUGH. WHO *IS IT* PUTS THEM IN FOR US, IS IT SOME CLEANER OR CONTRACTOR OR SOMEONE...?

SUGAR

ONE THING AT A TIME, EH, MATE?

AW, BLOODY HELL...

AYE.

AYE, YOU'RE RIGHT.

I WOULDN'T TRUST ME EITHER.

IT'S MAEVE.

QUEEN MAEVE--?

WELL HOW MANY OTHER MAEVES DO YOU KNOW? OH, THANK FUCKIN' GOD.

SUGAR

YOU'RE ONE O' THE BOYS, HUGHIE. YOU'VE FUCKED UP GOOD AN' PROPER, YEAH, BUT I AIN'T GONNA CHUCK THE BABY OUT WITH THE BATHWATER JUST YET.

BUT HOW DID-- WHEN--WHY DID SHE--

'COS SHE FUCKIN' HATES THE HOMELANDER, THAT'S WHY.

WHICH YOU MIGHT RECALL IS A BIT OF A HOBBY O' MINE, TOO.

I DUNNO WHAT HER PROBLEM IS. THE LEGEND HAS ONE THEORY...BUT ANYWAY, SHE FIRST GOT IN TOUCH ABOUT TEN YEARS AGO. IT WAS HER COME TO US, IN A ROUNDABOUT WAY.

OR TO VICTORY COMICS, AT ANY RATE. ASKED THE BOSS IF HE KNEW HOW TO FIND THE LEGEND.

WHICH O' COURSE HE DID, AN' SEEIN' AS THE SLIMY CUNT WOULDA WALKED A MILLION MILES JUST FOR ONE O' HER CRABS, HE GAVE HER THE NUMBER. HER AN' THE LEGEND WERE CLOSE WHEN HE WAS AT VICTORY.

OH AYE...?

YEAH, YOU KNOW. YOUNG GIRL IN THE BIG CITY, FUNNY OL' BLOKE DOIN' HIS FAVORITE UNCLE ROUTINE. SHE WASN'T ALWAYS SUCH A STUCK-UP BITCH.

"SO SHE WON'T SAY WHY SHE'S NARKED AT THE HOMELANDER, BUT APPARENTLY SHE'S FUCKIN' LIVID. AN' THE LEGEND'S THE BLOKE SHE COULD ALWAYS CONFIDE IN, HE WAS ALWAYS SUCH A GOOD LISTENER, ALL THAT.

"'COURSE, THE OL' BASTARD'S NOT FOOLED FOR A BLEEDIN' SECOND. HE TWIGS WHAT SHE'S REALLY AFTER IS TO KNOW IF THERE'S A WAY TO FUCK OVER SUPERCUNT."

"SO HE BROKERS A MEETIN'. TELLS HER HE KNOWS SOME BLOKES MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP--WHICH SHE DON'T LIKE ONE BIT, BUT SHE'S PISSED OFF ENOUGH TO GO ALONG WITH IT.

"AT THIS POINT, WE AIN'T GOT THAT MUCH ON THE SEVEN, SO WE JUMP AT THE CHANCE. NOT THAT WE DON'T PLAY IT COOL WHEN WE GO AN' SEE HER."

"NOW, SHE WON'T DO NOTHIN' THAT'LL GET HER IN SERIOUS SHIT. SHE DON'T WANNA UPSET THE APPLECART, NEITHER, IT'S PRETTY OBVIOUS SHE AIN'T ABOUT TO GIVE UP THE GOOD LIFE.

"BUT YOU CAN TELL SHE WANTS TO DO ***SOMETHIN'***, IT'S BURNIN' IN HER GUT SO SHE CAN HARDLY EVEN STAND STILL. MALLORY PLAYS IT JUST RIGHT: DROPS A HINT THAT WE'RE FEDERAL, SAYS WE DON'T WANNA FINISH THE SEVEN EITHER, FAR FROM IT--

"BUT HOW ABOUT STICKIN' IN A COUPLA CAMERAS FOR US?"

BINGO, HER EYES LIGHT UP. YOU CAN TELL WHAT SHE'S THINKIN': PICTURES. EMBARASSMENT. SEVERE FRUSTRATION.

FUCK WITH THE HOMELANDER, FUCK WITH THE HOMELANDER...

SO... WHAT'S SHE LIKE WHEN YOU ACTUALLY ***SEE HER***...?

"TYPICAL OLDER BIRD WITH MONEY. QUITE TASTY, 'TIL YOU GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO SEE THE CRACKS...

"OH, BLOODY HELL, HUGHIE, YOU'RE NOT TRYNNA TELL ME YOU FUCKIN' FANCY ***MAEVE***...!"

AW NO, NO, I MEAN IT'S NOTHIN' LIKE THAT--IT'S JUST THE SORTA ***GLAMOUR*** OF A WOMAN AS--AS ***STATUESQUE*** AS THAT, WHO ACTUALLY EXISTS...!

AIN'T VERY SCOTTISH, HUGHIE.

IT'S LIKE A SORTA LEGENDARY FIGURE... I MEAN I KNOW SHE'S NO' A REAL QUEEN, BUT YOU'RE TAPPIN' INTO SOMETHIN' THERE, LIKE...LIKE THE ***MAJESTY O' ROYALTY,*** ALMOST...

EH?

THOUGHT YOU JOCKS WAS AGAINST THE ROYALS AN' THAT. OR IS BRAVEHEART JUST A LOADA BOLLOCKS AFTER ALL?

WELL-- I MEAN--

THE LEGEND'S IDEA...ABOUT WHY MAEVE HATES THE HOMELANDER...

HAS TO DO WITH SOME PHOTOS THAT USED TO DO THE ROUNDS. THEY WERE SORTA FAMOUS AT VOUGHT AT ONE STAGE, THEY GOT PASSED ROUND ALL THE SENIOR EXECUTIVES.

PHOTOS...?

YEAH, THE SORT PEOPLE PAY TO KEEP UNDER WRAPS. BIRD WITH HER KIT OFF, HAVIN' A BIT OF A FROLIC-- JUST A LAUGH, REALLY, BOYFRIEND PROBABLY SUGGESTED THEY DO IT FOR FUN...

EXCEPT HIS MUG NEVER SHOWS UP IN ANY O' THE PICS. FUNNY, THAT.

LEGEND SAID FROM THE SIZE O' THE DONG THE BLOKE'S PROBABLY THE HOMELANDER--STANDS TO REASON HE'S THE ONE PUT 'EM OUT THERE. MAEVE'S FUCKIN' FLAMIN' OVER THIS SUDDEN AN' UNEXPECTED BETRAYAL...SO...

HAVE YOU SEEN THEM?

I MEAN DO THEY EVEN EXIST, ARE THEY JUST SOME SORTA DAFT MYTH...?

TOP DRAWER O' ME DESK, UNDER THE ENGLISH-FRENCH DICTIONARY.

JINGS...!

AW, FUCK.

AW, JESUS CHRIST.

AW, NO' UP THE *BUM*...

MAJESTY O' ROYALTY, EH?

SO THIS IS WHY MAEVE GOT ANGRY ENOUGH TO FUCK THE REST O' THE SEVEN? WHY WE'VE GOT CAMERAS UP THERE?

ANGLAIS

FRANÇAIS

LEGEND THOUGHT SO.

SO DID MALLORY, COME TO THAT.

BUT... NO' YOU?

YOU WATCH MAEVE ON THE TAPES, SHE DON'T GIVE A FUCK ABOUT NOTHIN'. SPENDS ALL DAY SITTIN' ON HER ARSE GETTIN' PISSED ON MARTINIS, EXCEPT WHEN SHE'S SHAGGIN' BODYBUILDERS TWO OR THREE AT A TIME.

SHE KNOWS *WE'RE* SEEIN' *THAT,* ON THE CAMERAS SHE PUT IN HERSELF. WE COULD BE SELLIN' THE LIVE FEED TO EVERY FULL-TIME WANKER ON THE PLANET.

DOESN'T SLOW HER DOWN FOR A SECOND.

AN' THEM PHOTOS WAS TOOK A LONG, LONG TIME BEFORE SHE CALLED THE LEGEND, TOO.

SO WHY WAS SHE REALLY SO FUCKED OFF?

I GOT ABSOLUTELY NO IDEA WHATSOEVER, MATE.

LONG STORY SHORT, WE'RE STILL A LITTLE BIT LEERY OF HER, BUT THE FEED STARTS COMIN' THOUGH AN' WE START WATCHIN'. WE'RE WAITIN' FOR SOME SORTA SET-UP--NO, EVERYTHING THEY SAY TURNS OUT TO BE THE GENUINE ARTICLE.

WE'VE HAD A LOTTA GOOD STUFF OFF THEM CAMERAS, OVER THE YEARS.

FUCKIN' TON O' GOOD STUFF.

HUH.

YOU KNOW... THIS IS MORE'N YOU'VE TOLD ME IN BLOODY MONTHS.

IT'S LIKE I'VE HIT THE MOTHER-LODE.

STILL THINK I DON'T TRUST YOU NO MORE?

...I THINK I'LL HAVE GENERAL TSO'S CHICKEN. D'YOU NO' WANNA JUST CALL THEM, NO?

NAH, I FANCY THE WALK.

PLUS I'M GOIN' SQUARE-EYED FROM WATCHIN' THIS SHITE.

OH FUCK, AYE...

WHERE'RE WE UP TO, ANYWAY?

UH...ROUND ABOUT THE TIME I FIRST GOT HERE. LIKE NO' WHEN YOU CAME TO SEE ME; LATER ON, WHEN I ARRIVED IN NEW YORK.

ANYTHIN'?

BUGGER ALL. HERE, DID FRENCHIE OR M.M. NO' SEE ANYTHIN' ABOUT ANNIE WHEN THEY WENT THROUGH ALL THIS?

THEY AIN'T GOT THAT FAR, HAVE THEY? 'COS THEY'VE GOT BLEEDIN' YEARS OF IT TO LOOK AT YET.

OH AYE.

ALL RIGHT, SEE YOU IN A BIT.

TO RUIN THINGS. WE'RE WAITING.

THAT'S GREAT.

OH, THIS IS WHERE YOU--

YES. HAVE A SEAT, RELAX. YOU'VE EARNED IT.

I'M REALLY HERE.

I KNOW IT'S PROBABLY ONLY TEMPORARY, BUT...

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SEVEN, I MEAN THERE'S JUST NO HIGHER A SUPER-PERSON CAN GO...

I TOLD YOU, ANNIE, YOU DESERVE IT. YOU'VE WORKED SO HARD.

THERE'S JUST ONE FINAL TEST FOR YOU TO PASS, AND I KNOW YOU'RE GOING TO EXCEL AT THAT, TOO.

CRUEL TO BE KIND, TERROR.

MM?

GOTTA BE CRUEL TO BE KIND.

next...?